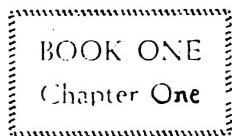


ONE  
MAN'S  
FAMILY

*Carlton E. Morse*





One of ten presentation  
copies of the opening chapter  
of the First Book, *One Man's Family*,  
which was introduced to the public from  
the National Broadcasting Company Studios  
at No. 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco at  
nine-thirty on the evening of April  
29th, 1932. These ten copies  
have been prepared for  
the original members  
of the cast by the  
grateful author and producer as a  
means of showing his appreci-  
ation of their consistent  
efforts in behalf  
of the show.

This is Page Gilman's copy.

April 2000  
May 1, 1932  
William Gilman



# One Man's Family

THE ORIGINAL CAST  
OF SEVEN CHARACTERS

HENRY BARBOUR

FANNY BARBOUR

PAUL BARBOUR

HAZEL BARBOUR

CLIFFORD BARBOUR

CLAUDIA BARBOUR

JACK BARBOUR



ANNOUNCEMENTS

AND

DESCRIPTIONS

FOR

*One Man's Family*

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER ONE

*Introducing the Barbour Family*

9:30 TO 10:00 P.M.

APRIL 29, 1932

## ¤ DESTINY WALTZ ¤

*Announcer.* Tonight's episode of *One Man's Family* is entitled *Introducing the Barbour Family*.

*Organ swells for moment . . . then background announcer.*

*Announcer.* *One Man's Family* is dedicated to the mothers and fathers of the younger generation and to their bewildering offsprings. This is neither an expose of Youth's foibles nor an accusation against the older generation. It is merely a cross-section of the life of a modern family, given with the hope of explaining father to son and son to father. Controversial subjects are dealt with from each individual character's point of view and have no further purpose than to explain certain given types of personalities which have developed in the last few years. Every man with a growing family these days has problems no other father in history has had to face. These thirteen episodes deal with the family of Henry Barbour, successful San Francisco ~~householder~~ who has reached the peak of middle life and is inclined toward contentment with himself and the manner in which he has carried on his life's works. Because you are to become so intimately acquainted with the Barbours in the coming weeks, we want you to know them at once. Let me present first,

Mrs. Henry Barbour . . .

*Fanny.* Good evening.

*Announcer.* And now, Mr. Barbour.

*Henry.* Good evening . . . Nice golf weather we're having, isn't it?

*Announcer.* Sorry, Mr. Barbour, I don't play golf.

*Henry.* No? . . . Too bad . . . Good Game.

Announcer. I'm certain it is . . . And now, Miss Hazel Barbour . . . Hazel, may I tell your age?

Hazel. [laughs softly] Why, of course.

Announcer. Thank you . . . Hazel is the eldest daughter . . . She is twenty-seven . . . Good looking, too.

Hazel. [embarrassed laugh] Why, thank you.

Announcer. And now I want you to meet the hero of the Barbour family . . . His name's Paul. Paul is thirty-one, four years older than Hazel. He was an aviator in the World War and was shot down . . .

Sound of cane tapping.

Announcer. [lowers voice] He's coming now . . . One of Paul's legs was badly injured. He'll use a cane the rest of his life . . . [lifts voice] . . . Paul, come here and let me introduce you . . . Folks, this is Lieutenant Paul Barbour.

Paul. Oh please . . . Forget that lieutenant rubbish, will you . . . I mean to say, forget everything about the war.

Announcer. Why, of course, Paul.

Paul. Thanks.

Sound of cane receding from mike.

Announcer. There are twins in the Barbour family—a girl and a boy—Claudia and Clifford, or rather, Claud and Cliff. They're just nineteen. Let me introduce Claudia first.

Claud. Oh no, you don't . . . Cliff and I go in pairs.

Cliff. Sure, we team up on everything.

Announcer. [laughs] Well then, may I introduce the team of Claud and Cliff . . .

**Claud and Cliff. Cheerio . . .**

**Claud. [leaving mike] Got a match, Cliff?**

**Cliff. [distance] Sure.**

**Announcer. [laughs]** There's a pair for you . . . straight-forward, honest-eyed, lovable . . . You'll like them in spite of yourself . . . See if you don't . . . And now just one more member of the family to be accounted for . . . And really, folks, I don't know how to account for him. He really slipped into the family by mistake I think. Anyway here he is—fourteen-year-old Jack Barbour . . .

**Jack [politely]** Good evening . . . [suddenly] . . . Say, mister, look at this airplane model . . . Ain't it a peach? Made it myself . . .

**Announcer.** Wait a minute, Jack . . . We'll talk about airplanes another time if you don't mind.

**Jack.** Yes, sir . . .

**Announcer.** And so, folks, that brings you the Barbour family—Henry Barbour; his wife, Fanny Barbour; Paul, thirty-one; Hazel, twenty-seven; Claudia and Clifford, nineteen; and Jack, fourteen.

### ¤ DESTINY WALTZ ¤

**Announcer.** The story opens in the Barbour's Sea Cliff home, where it stands overlooking the Golden Gate. Mr. and Mrs. Barbour are entertaining Judge Glenn Hunter.

**Pause**

Fanny. Poke up the fire, Henry . . . Judge, are you comfortable?

Judge. Perfectly, Mrs. Barbour.

Henry. [leaving mike] I've got a fireplace complex, I guess, Glenn . . . [distance] . . . Remember when we were kids, how we used to huddle about the old heater when you came over to our place in the evenings?

Judge. [chuckles] I remember, Henry . . .

Henry. [distance] Well, ever since those days I've sworn I'd have a fireplace . . . [pause] . . . There, that's better.

Fanny. He's even got a fireplace in our bedroom.

Henry. [coming to mike] Yes, I like to go to sleep looking at the dying embers.

Sound of cane approaching.

Fanny. There's Paul coming in.

Judge. Fine boy, Paul . . . How's he doing with his aviation school? . . . Getting many students?

Henry. [shortly] A few.

Cane stops.

Paul. [distance] Oh, sorry . . . didn't know you had company. . .

Fanny. Come on in, Paul . . . It's Judge Hunter.

Judge. Hello, Paul . . . How's the boy?

Paul. [coming to mike] . . . [heartily] Why, hello, Judge . . . It's been months since you've been out . . . I mean to say, devilishly glad to see you again.

Judge. You're looking mighty fine, lad . . . How's the flying school going?

Fanny. Here, Paul, sit down here beside me.

*Paul.* Thanks, mother . . . Mind if I smoke?

*Fanny.* [gently] If you must, Paul . . .

*Paul.* Thanks . . . Oh, pretty fair, Judge . . .  
Guess business is slack everywhere just now.

*Judge.* Yes, I guess that's about right . . .

*Paul.* [cynically] Except in your business . . . I suppose there are just as many folks able to pay for their crimes as ever.

*Judge.* [gravely] I'm afraid that's true, Paul . . . People seem to have just as much time to devote behind the bars and just as many lives to give on the gallows as in the most prosperous days.

*Henry.* [grunts] More . . . the papers don't print anything but crime any more . . . What's the world coming to, Glenn?

*Judge.* [admits] In a way that's true, Henry . . . There is a restlessness . . . It's the younger generation that's fermenting . . .

*Henry.* [grunts] The younger generation . . . It ought to be spanked and sent to bed.

*Paul.* [chuckles] Like you spanked and sent to bed Claud and Cliff, eh?

*Fanny.* [reprovingly] Paul!

*Henry.* [angrily] It's just such people as you, Paul, who make this unrest . . . your half-baked cynicism . . . your refusal to take the present structure of social life seriously . . . your preference to risk your neck in an old crate of a flying machine, teaching youngsters to fly, to coming into a good solid business and taking a partnership with your father.

*Fanny.* [gently] Now, Henry . . . let's not go over

that again . . . Paul's thirty-one, and it's his privilege to choose his work.

Judge. I wouldn't worry, Henry . . . Cliff will soon be out of school and you'll have a mighty fine partner in him.

Henry. That harum-scarum kid! . . . Why, he's one big brainstorm after another . . . Glenn, when we were nineteen years old we didn't run around doing as we pleased, did we?

Judge. Well now, Henry, it's pretty hard to look back forty years and tell just what we did do . . . It doesn't seem as if we did though.

Henry. No, of course we didn't . . .

Judge. If you're worrying about your family, Henry, you're doing so needlessly . . . You've got a mighty fine group of young men and women . . . You should be proud of them.

Henry. Oh, I'm not worrying about them . . . They wouldn't do anything wrong . . . It isn't that . . . It's just things like Paul's aviation business here . . . Why should any sane young man prefer to spend his life flying around in an airship when he could be amassing a good-sized bank account . . . Why do Claudia and Clifford keep harping on "freedom" . . . "more freedom" . . . Why even Jack . . . fourteen years old, mind you . . . even he springs wild-eyed sophistry about personal rights . . . I ask you, what is the world coming to?

Fanny. Judge, I'm afraid you've struck Henry's weak spot . . .

Judge. It's an important question in any family-man's life, Mrs. Barbour . . . In fact, I would say it was

the key to the whole turbulent situation in the United States today.

Paul. It's the first important step in a tremendous social revolution that's taking place in this country . . .

Henry. [explodes] Social revolution . . . Rot! . . . You and your social revolution!

Judge. Henry, I think Paul is nearer the truth than you suspect.

Henry. Revolution means war . . .

Paul. [cynically] Yes, dad . . . the sort of war we are participating in this moment . . . the war of progress with conservatism.

Henry. [sneers] I suppose you are trying to get the idea over that it is more progressive to fly a kite than to build a good sound business?

Paul. No, dad . . . but progress is built on unrest . . . conservatism on self-satisfaction.

Henry. [stirred up] Why shouldn't I be satisfied? . . . Haven't I worked hard all my life? . . . Haven't I built a business that has put me and my family in comfortable circumstances for the rest of their lives; haven't I given my children good educations; haven't I taught them the laws of the land and the laws of God? . . . Why shouldn't I gain a little comfort from the fact that I have done my work well?

Fanny. Please, Henry . . . Don't work yourself up like this . . . You know you don't sleep well after an argument.

Paul. Dad, don't misunderstand me . . . I don't belittle your efforts . . . I mean to say, I think you've lived splendidly according to your own lights . . .

Henry. Not according to my lights alone . . . but according to the standards of thinking men throughout the country.

Paul. Yes, men of your generation . . . a generation that led the world into the most horrible catastrophe known to man . . .

Judge. You mean the World War, Paul?

Paul. Yes, Judge . . . the World War . . . that's what your generation of thinking men did for the world . . . And now my generation . . . Claudia's generation . . . Jack's generation, have to come along and clean up the mess.

Henry. There would be no mess to clean up if you'd all put your shoulders to the wheel and push together.

Paul. Yes, but where would you have us push? . . . Right back into the old rut that led to the last war . . . You'd have us push ourselves into another war.

Henry. Nonsense . . . There'll never be another war . . .

Paul. [grimly] There never be another war as far as I'm concerned . . . nor as far as Cliff's concerned, nor Jack, if I can help it!

Judge. [gravely] I hope there will not be.

Henry. [bitterly] Glenn, you don't get the full significance of Paul's words . . . He means he wouldn't fight again if this country were at war.

Fanny. Oh, Henry . . .

Paul. [grimly] That's just what I do mean . . . I'd rot in jail before I'd fight again . . . And I'd rather see Cliff and Jack stood up against a wall and shot, than to be sent up to front-line trenches.

*Fanny.* Oh, Paul!

*Paul.* I mean to say, I'm for this younger generation, heart and soul, no matter what they do . . . They're going to make a different sort of a country . . . They're going to make mistakes, lots of them . . . but they're going to pay for their mistakes gamely and go right on, until they have found out what it's all about and why.

*Judge.* [gravely] But Paul, unrest leads to war as well as to progress.

*Paul.* So does the old conservative dog-eat-dog system . . . That's been proved . . . We might as well have war attempting to progress, as to have it because a few selfish statesmen and financiers can't get long.

Sound of door closing.

*Fanny.* [calls] Is that you, Hazel? . . . [to group] . . . She went to the opera . . . She should be getting in.

Pause.

*Fanny.* [calls] Hazel, come in . . . Judge Hunter is here.

Pause.

*Fanny.* That's strange . . . Henry, will you see who it is?

*Henry.* [leaving mike] Paul, you must have left the front door ajar when you came in.

Pause.

*Jack.* [distance] Oooow . . . oooow, dad, let go my ear . . .

Henry. [coming to mike] March right in, there to your mother, young man.

Jack. [coming to mike] Oooow, you're hurting my ear . . .

Fanny. Why, Jack, what are you doing up and dressed? . . . I sent you to bed at nine o'clock, and here you are. It is after eleven.

Jack. [sullen] Yes, ma'am.

Henry. [angrily] Answer your mother . . . What were you doing out, when you were told to be in bed?

Jack. Nothing.

Fanny. Jack, aren't you going to speak to Judge Hunter?

Jack. [sullen] Good evening, sir.

Judge. Good evening, Jack.

Fanny. Please, Jack, won't you tell mother where you've been?

Jack. [sullen] Outdoors.

Fanny. But where, outdoors?

Jack. Just around places . . .

Fanny. Did you go to the theater?

Jack. No, mother.

Henry. [exasperated] Let me take him upstairs . . . I'll whale it out of him.

Fanny. Just a moment, Henry . . . Jack, whom were you with?

Jack. [sullen] A bunch of the fellows.

Fanny. What fellows? Your scout troupe?

Jack. [sullen] No . . . mother.

Paul. I say, old kid.

Jack. [brightening] Yes, sir.

*Paul.* Why don't you 'fess up and take your medicine? . . . That's the only way, you know.

*Jack.* But I can't, Paul . . . I've promised.

*Paul.* I see . . . It involves someone else, then?

*Jack.* Yes, sir.

*Paul.* Well, look here . . . Couldn't you sort of tell it so that you wouldn't peach on anyone else? . . . You see it's dad and mother's right to know about you.

*Jack.* [hesitates] Yes, sir, I could do that.

*Henry.* Nonsense . . .

*Fanny.* Please, Henry . . . Go on, Jack.

*Jack.* Well, us kids has got a sekrit society and they was a speshul meeting on tonight and so everybody had to be there.

*Henry.* What sort of a secret society?

*Jack.* Just a sekrit society . . .

*Fanny.* And what was this special meeting about?

*Jack.* Aaaaaw . . . nothing . . .

*Paul.* Special meeting for the election of officers, maybe . . . Eh, Jack?

*Jack.* No, sir . . . It . . . [hesitates] . . . It was ladies' night.

*Henry.* [explodes] What!

*Shouts of laughter from Judge and Paul.*

*Fanny.* Please, Paul . . . This is all very painful . . . Jack, what do you mean, ladies' night? . . . Do you mean there were little girls present?

*Jack.* No, ma'am . . . It was a speshul meeting for everybody what belongs to tell how much they don't like girls . . .

*More laughter from Judge and Paul.*

Hazel. [distance] Here . . . Here . . . What's all the hilarity about? . . . Am I missing something?

Paul. Come on in, Hazel . . . Sit in on the family initiation.

Hazel. [disapproving] Oh, Jack on the carpet again, eh? . . . Why, good evening, Judge Hunter.

Judge. My dear, how charming you are . . .

Hazel. Oh, sit still, Judge . . . I'm afraid you're an old flatterer.

Judge. Indeed not . . . Was the opera enjoyable?

Hazel. [indifferent] Oh, it was all right . . .

Jack. Mother, may I go now?

Henry. You cannot . . .

Jack. [sullen] Yes, sir . . .

Fanny. So you boys got together to tell how much you dislike girls?

Jack. Yes, ma'am.

Fanny. Was that all?

Jack. Then everybody had to swear that he wouldn't ever, ever have anything to do with them . . .

Henry. [sarcastic] I suppose that includes your mother and sisters?

Jack. No, sir . . . Just that we wouldn't go no place with them or nothing.

Hazel. Jack, your English is miserable.

Jack. Aaaaaw!

Henry. Where did you meet?

Pause.

Fanny. Jack, didn't you hear your father speak to you?

*Jack.* Yes, ma'am.

*Fanny.* Well, why don't you answer him?

*Jack.* I . . . [hesitates] . . . It's a sekrit.

*Henry.* Nonsense . . . There'll be no secrets in this household as long as I'm at the head of it.

*Paul.* [lightly] I hope that you don't mean that literally, dad.

*Henry.* [angrily] That's just how I do mean it, Paul . . .

*Paul.* Oh, I say . . .

*Hazel.* Dad's absolutely right, Paul.

*Paul.* Well . . . Well . . . Then supposing you begin, Hazel, by unburdening all the little secrets inside of you, at the family conference.

*Fanny.* Why, Hazel, what does he mean?

*Hazel.* I don't know, mother . . . It's just another one of his hopeless jokes, I suppose.

*Paul.* Nothing of the kind . . . Do you mean to sit there and say that nothing has ever occurred in your life that isn't a secret from your family?

*Hazel.* How perfectly beastly . . . Of course there's nothing . . .

*Paul.* You poor girl . . .

*Henry.* [sharply] That'll be enough of that . . . Jack, I'll give you until morning to think it over. I want you to come to me before breakfast and tell me where this meeting was held and who was present.

*Jack.* [sullen] I won't tell.

*Henry.* You will or you'll get the worst whipping you ever received . . . Now go to bed, and I hope you'll think better of your decision in the morning.

Jack. Yes, sir . . . , [pause] . . . father?  
Henry. Well?

Jack. Couldn't I have the whipping tonight, sir, . . .  
I'd sleep better if it was over.

Henry. [angrily] March upstairs to bed, sir! . . .  
Do you hear me?

Jack. Yes, sir . . . [pause] . . . Good night,  
Judge Hunter.

Judge. Good night, Jack.

Pause.

Jack. [distance] Good night, mother . . .

Fanny. Good night, Jack.

Pause.

Henry. Glenn, what are you going to do with a stubborn child like that? . . . I know I'll have to whip him in the morning.

Judge. Henry, have you ever been able to whip anything out of him?

Henry. No!

Judge. Then why do you continue to whip him? . . .  
You admit it does no good.

Henry. He has to be punished.

Judge. I thought whipping was to correct, not to punish.

Henry. Punishment is a method of correction . . . certainly as a jurist you should know that.

Judge. But you've admitted that it doesn't change the boy . . . Why don't you look for a method of correction that will correct.

*Jack.* [coming to mike] Dad, I'm sorry . . .  
*Henry.* I thought I sent you to bed.

*Jack.* Yes, sir . . . I just came down to tell you  
"Good night" . . . I'm sorry I went up without saying it.

*Henry.* [embarrassed] Oh . . . [clears throat]  
. . . Why . . . Why . . . Good night, son.

*Long pause.*

*Judge.* [gently] You see, Henry . . . Your sons  
want to be close to you . . . Why don't you try to  
understand their viewpoint a little more instead of always  
trying to bend them to yours?

*Henry.* But the boy's in the wrong . . . He dis-  
obeyed his mother . . .

*Judge.* You think he told you the truth about what  
he did tonight, don't you?

*Henry.* [proudly] Thank God, my children don't  
lie.

*Judge.* That is something to be mighty proud of,  
Henry . . . But why do you suppose Jack sneaked out  
on you tonight?

*Henry.* Because he knew that I wouldn't consent  
to his being out this late.

*Judge.* Yes . . . He knew you wouldn't understand  
him . . . You would dismiss his request without a  
second thought . . .

*Henry.* And that's right . . . A boy fourteen years  
old has no business out at midnight.

*Judge.* Have you ever tried to explain that to him?

*Henry.* Why should I? . . . Isn't the reason per-  
fectly plain?

Judge. To you, yes . . . But your reason and his desires can't possibly coincide . . . Therefore you've got to make his reasoning power work too . . . You've got to make him believe that staying out until midnight isn't good for him. And to do that you've got to make him reason it out for himself.

Paul. Great stuff, Judge . . . Dad, I'll bet you ten dollars that you don't know where Claud and Cliff are tonight.

Fanny. Why, of course we do, Paul . . .

Paul. Do you know, Dad?

Henry. I most certainly do . . . Your mother informed me before they went out this evening.

Paul. But neither of them told you, did they? ,

Henry. No, Paul . . . I think it sufficient that they should tell their mother . . .

Hazel. Paul, I think you're horrid to talk to father like this . . . Just because you were shot down in the war you seem to think . . .

Fanny. Hazel, please . . . Paul has asked you never to bring up the war in connection with himself . . .

Paul. [grimly] It's a nice little habit of Hazel's . . .

Fanny. Let's not talk about it any more . . . Paul, Claud and Cliff have gone down the Peninsula to the Roberts' summer home . . . They promised to be in by one . . . The Roberts are perfectly lovely people.

Paul. The Roberts' summer place, eh . . . [chuckles]

Sound of telephone.

Hazel. I can reach it . . . I'll answer . . . [pause]

. . . Hello? . . . Hello, is that you, Cliff? . . . [pause]  
. . . What? . . . [pause] . . . Oh, I'm sorry . . .  
I mistook you for my brother . . . Just a moment . . .  
Someone wants to talk to you, Paul.

Paul. Excuse me, please . . . Thanks, Hazel . . .  
Hello . . . [pause] . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . I see  
. . . [pause] . . . [abruptly] Well, keep the rest of  
it until I get there . . . Where are you? . . . All right  
. . . Stand by . . . I'll be along . . . Good-bye.

Hangs up receiver.

Hazel. If that wasn't Cliff's voice . . .

Paul. [irritably] You've got the most obnoxious  
imagination, Hazel . . . Mother, will you please excuse  
me? . . . It's a most important call . . .

Fanny. Of course, Paul . . . [anxiously] I hope  
there's nothing the matter, dear . . .

Paul. No, don't you worry . . . Dad, may I use  
your car for a couple of hours? . . . I let the twins have  
mine for the night.

Henry [grumbles] It seems very strange that you  
should be having sudden calls at midnight, Paul.

Paul. [brusquely] If you'd rather I didn't take it  
I'll call a taxi.

Henry. [grudgingly] Oh, you're welcome to it . . .

Paul. Thanks . . . You'll excuse me, won't you,  
Judge?

Judge. Of course, Paul.

Paul. It's been a real pleasure to see you again . . .  
Good night, everyone . . .

Sound of tapping of cane fading out.

•• DESTINY WALTZ ••

Mac. [Irish] They're in the receivin' room, Paul . . . Right in here.

Sound of tapping cane.

Paul. Lead on, Sarge.

Sound of opening door.

Paul. [cheerfully] Hello, kids . . . I mean to say, thinking of taking up permanent residence in the Burlinghame city prison?

Claud. [coming to mike] Oh, Paul . . . Paul.

Paul. Oh, I say, Claud . . . take things easy . . . Things aren't so bad . . . How about it, Cliff?

Cliff. [gloomily] They're pretty bad, Paul.

Paul. Mind shutting the door, Sarge?

Sound of door closing.

Paul. All right now, everyone grab himself a seat . . . I brought Police Sergeant McCurdy along to hear the sad tale.

Cliff. Hello, Sergeant.

Mac [dryly] Good evenin', my boy . . . Seems loik old times whin I was doin' patrol duty in your neighborhood . . . Many's the time Oi got you out of scrapes whin ye were a small tad.

Cliff. Yeah . . . but nothing like this.

Paul. So you shot John Roberts, did you?

Claud. He did not! It was I.

Paul. Better and better . . . I mean to say, nineteen's pretty young to start shooting up your men though, kid.

*Cliff.* [belligerent] Well, he had it coming . . .

*Paul.* Look here, let's have the whole story . . . By the way, I might add that the Burlingham police seem to be thoroughly mystified as to who did the shooting . . . So don't spill it after we get out of here.

*Claud.* Then . . . then how did you know?

*Paul.* Just a shot in the dark . . . Heard at the desk that young Roberts had been shot and had an idea . . . that was all . . . Now then, from the beginning . . .

*Cliff.* What about Sergeant McCurdy? Won't he have to report what we tell?

*Mac.* This ain't my territory, son . . . Besides, Oi wisht Oi had a red cint for iverything Oi've disremembered.

*Paul.* You begin, Claud . . .

*Claud.* Well . . . It . . . It started when John suggested that I go with him downstairs to his gunroom . . .

*Paul.* Just a moment . . . How many were there at this party?

*Cliff.* About thirty.

*Paul.* Including the old folks?

*Cliff.* There weren't any old folks.

*Paul.* What about servants?

*Cliff.* There weren't any servants.

*Paul.* [dryly] That's what I thought . . . Must have been a good party.

*Cliff.* It was until . . . until John got fresh with Claud.

*Paul.* That was down in the gunroom, I suppose?

*Claud.* Yes.

Paul. You two were alone?

Claud. Yes . . . You see, I thought it would be all right . . . everyone was jolly, and we had the run of the house and . . . and so John suggested we slip away and go downstairs. I followed him.

Paul. Quite natural . . . You'd never suspect a host of being anything but a good sport as well as a good host . . . [cynically] Too bad it doesn't usually work out that way.

Claud. That's what I found out . . . Well, as soon as we got down there, he grabbed me and kissed me.

Paul. I hope you didn't shoot him for that.

Claud. No, of course not . . . I'm a good sport, I hope . . . I didn't even say anything when he mauled me a little . . .

Paul. Mauled, eh? . . . So that's what they do nowadays?

Mac. They call it a lot of things these days, Paul . . . But Oi been thinkin' it's still the old-fashioned spoonin'.

Paul. [chuckles] I guess you're right at that, Mac . . . Well, let's have the rest of it, youngster.

Claud. Then he said something to me.

Pause.

Paul. [casually] Uh-huh . . .

Claud. I told him to leave me alone, and I started for the door . . .

Paul. Bad business . . . I mean to say, never take your eyes off a wild animal . . . Stare 'em out of countenance . . . A girl with nerve can stare herself out of a lot of bad situations.

Claud. He ran after me and grabbed me and I jerked away from him and got a glass showcase between us . . . There were a lot of guns in it.

Paul. Enter the gun . . . I hope you wiped the fingerprints off it after you got through with it.

Claud. I did.

Paul. [astonished] You did?

Claud. [surprised] Why yes, of course.

Mac. Well, O'll be a sonovagun . . . Can you beat that?

Paul. [marvels] Did I mention something about nerve? . . . Well, what happened?

Claud. I reached into the case and pulled out a pistol and told John to keep away from me and let me alone or I'd shoot.

Paul. Quite the right procedure . . . Technique's above reproach so far . . . How about it, Mac?

Mac. [grunts]

Claud. Then . . . [hesitates] . . . Well, he laughed at me and said the gun wasn't loaded and leaned across the case and grabbed my hand and . . . and . . . I pulled the trigger.

Paul. [finishing thought] . . . And young Mr. Roberts was mistaken . . . the gun was loaded.

Claud. [dully] Yes . . .

Paul. At this point you calmly polished off the gun with your handkerchief and replaced it in the cabinet . . .

Claud. No . . . on my step-ins.

Paul. On your . . .

Paul and Mac burst into roar of laughter.

Paul. But, my dear child, why did you do that?

*Claud.* Because the gun was oily and I didn't want it on anything that would show.

*Paul.* But wouldn't your underskirt have done just as well?

*Claud.* I didn't have one on.

*Paul.* Well . . . [bursts into laughter] . . . Mac, what do you think of my sister?

*Mac.* [chuckles] You can't beat this younger generation, Paul . . . Oi've said it before and Oi say it agin, they'll go ye wan better ivery toime.

*Paul.* And after you replaced the gun, young woman . . . then what happened?

*Claud.* The crowd was running downstairs . . . I didn't have a chance to get out of the room, so I hid' in the closet.

*Cliff.* I heard the shot upstairs . . . everyone did . . . When we opened the door to the gunroom and found John wounded and unconscious, there was an awful scramble . . .

*Claud.* Yes, and when evryone was crowding around John, I sneaked out of the closet and joined them . . .

*Cliff.* He was only shot in the shoulder.

*Paul.* Yes, I know . . . Then no one knows who shot the boy but us and young Roberts himself?

*Cliff.* That's all, and John won't tell . . . He's been in bad before and he knows that if it ever gets out what happened and causes a scandle, his father will take his car and allowance away from him . . . Mr. Roberts has threatencd to already.

*Paul.* Then you can depend on Roberts to tell a suitable story when he comes to?

*Cliff.* You bet.

*Mac.* But where are all the others? Did they all run out on ye?

*Cliff.* I should say not . . . We all stuck together . . . They brought us all down here and their folks came and got them . . . Most of them live down here on the Peninsula.

*Paul.* Released in care of their parents, eh?

*Cliff.* Yes.

*Claud.* Paul, you didn't tell mother and dad where we were, did you?

*Cliff.* [reproving] Of course he didn't.

*Paul.* No, and if I were you youngsters I'd keep pretty quiet about it.

*Claud.* Gee, I'm glad . . . They wouldn't understand . . . They . . . They'd think I did wrong to shoot him.

*Paul.* Well, what about it . . . didn't you?

*Claud.* [defiantly] Do you think I did?

*Paul.* [evasive] The law says you did . . .

*Claud.* [defiantly] Well, I'm not sorry . . . He had it coming.

*Cliff.* [anxiously] Are you going to get us out of here without making a row?

*Paul.* What about it, Mac? . . . Think you can get the twins' names erased from the blotter and keep things covered up without too much juggling?

*Mac.* Yeah . . . But they won't stay off long if young Roberts squawks . . .

*Cliff.* Listen, Sergeant, I tell you I know he won't open his mouth.

Mac. Oi don't know about it . . . He sounds like a contemptible rat to me.

Claud. [defiantly] He is not! . . . Just too fresh.

Mac. Can ye beat that? . . . Shootin' a guy and thin definidin' him!

Paul. [chuckles] Just fresh, eh?

Claud. [defiantly] Yes . . . It's just between John and me . . . He'll be a good sport about it . . . You see!

Paul. I tell you what, Mac . . . If he shows signs of weakening, spill him an earful of what happens to little boys who give wild parties, in this year of our Lord, 1932 . . . I mean to say, your uniform will add a lot of weight to your words . . .

Mac. Well, we'll see, Paul . . .

Paul. Come on, you kids . . . Get your coats . . . You're coming home in my car . . . just as though nothing had happened. I've got dad's machine.

Cliff. Gee, Paul, you're a good egg . . . Thanks awfully.

Claud. You do me more good than a million of dad's lectures.

Paul. Mind now you don't get into any more trouble on the way home . . . Come on, Mac.

Sound of cane fading in distance.

¤ DESTINY WALTZ ¤

Fanny. Eat your eggs, Henry, while they're still hot . . . Here, have this whole-wheat toast . . .

Henry. But why isn't Jack down to breakfast?

*Fanny.* He'll be down, Henry . . . Did you and Clifford have a nice time at the Roberts' party last night, Claudia?

*Claud.* [moodily] Aaaaaw . . . it was all right.

*Paul.* [mocking] I hope you acted like a lady, Claud.

*Claud.* [blandly] Sure, why not?

*Paul.* Oh, I was just wondering . . . Can't tell what mischief kids will get into these days . . .

*Claud.* [calmly] Well, you'll notice that they usually find some way of getting out.

*Fanny.* Why, what sort of trouble could a good girl get into at a nice home like the Roberts'?

*Paul.* That's all right, mother. I was just ragging Claud . . . How about it, Cliff—do they serve good stuff at the Roberts?

*Henry.* What are you driving at, Paul? . . . I've known John Roberts, Senior most of my life and I never, never have known him to have liquor inside his house.

*Paul.* [placidly] Never's a long time, dad.

*Fanny.* Here's Jack now . . . Come on to the table, sonny . . .

*Henry.* [irritably] Jack, don't you know that you're to be down at eight o'clock sharp for breakfast?

*Jack.* Yes, sir . . . I was out in the garden . . . I didn't know it was so late . . . Here, sir . . . I brought the paper in off the steps . . .

*Henry.* [grunts] Well, sit down and eat or you'll be late for school.

*Jack.* Yes, sir . . . Mother, may I have my eggs boiled instead of poached this morning?

*Fanny.* Yes, dear . . . Go out in the kitchen and

*ask Jenny to fix them.*

*Jack.* Yes, ma'am . . . [leaving mike] . . . And may I have some strawberry jam?

*Henry.* This crab-apple jelly should do very nicely.

*Jack.* [distance] Yes; sir.

*Fanny.* Henry, you're not going to say anything more about Jack's secret society I hope?

*Henry.* What? . . . Of course . . . He'll think I'm a weak sort of father to let the matter drop . . .

*Fanny.* [sighs] Very well . . . You know what is best.

*Paul* [amused] Would you like me to hold him so that you can hit him harder, sir?

*Fanny.* [sharply] Paul, that's enough.

*Paul.* I'm sorry, dad . . . I beg your pardon.

*Henry.* Never mind, Paul . . . Some day, when you're a father yourself, you'll understand better what I'm up against.

*Paul.* Sir, I don't think I'll ever have the nerve to try . . . It looks to me to be the most thankless task in the world . . .

*Henry.* Please excuse me . . . If I don't glance at the headlines and stock market now, I'll not see it today.

*Sound of rattling paper.*

*Fanny.* Go ahead and read your paper, dear . . .

*Henry.* [surprised] Why, what's this? . . . [reads] "HOST SHOT AT PENINSULA PARTY."

*Claud.* [gasps] Father!

*Henry.* [reads] 'John Roberts, Jr. Wounded during Fête of Younger Set.' Clifford and Claudia, get up from

that table and come into my den immediately!

Claud. [frightened] But, father . . . [listlessly]  
. . . Oh, very well.

❧ DESTINY WALTZ ❧

Announcer. You have just heard the first episode of *One Man's Family*, written for radio by Carlton E. Morse. The second episode, entitled *Younger Generation Messes Around* will be brought to you next Friday at 9:30 P.M., Pacific Time. This has been a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company from its NBC Studios in San Francisco.



